

COLEMAN MINER

AND CARBONDALE ADVOCATE

Volume 3, No. 4.

Coleman, Alberta, Friday, January 28, 1910

\$2 00 Yearly

You Can Easily Decide

on which to give your friend for a Christmas Gift

If you examine our stock of Cigars, Pipes and Smokers' Supplies, Pipes, No. 1 quality Vienna Meers, chain, from \$1.00 up. Cigarette Pipes, from \$1.50 up.

We have a large stock of Cased Pipes, including the popular brands of B.B.B., G.B.D., Petison, E.A.M., etc., from \$2.00 up.

Cigars—In beautiful boxes, specially put up for the Xmas trade. Among our leading brands are Noblemen, Chamberlain's, Prince Rupert, Lord Trayson, Irving, Dorcas, \$1.00 up.

CIGAR & CIGARETTE Holdups—Gold Mounted with No. 1 quality amber, from \$1.50 up.

CIGAR CASES—We have a fine assortment in this line and the prices are right.

TOBACCO JARS—This is a very nice and appropriate gift—\$1.50.

COMPANION SERS—We have them at all prices. Excellent value in Tobacco Jars, Ash Trays, Pouches, Match Safes, Cigarettes, Tobaccos.

Alex. Morrison & Co.

Soap Sense

In buying Toilet Soap two important factors should be considered

First—Purity.

In selecting our stock we have made a specialty of obtaining only the purest vegetable oil soaps, which do not irritate the skin and which insure a good complexion.

Second—Odor.

Our soaps are perfumed with the most delicate flower oils. They speak for themselves AND WE PACK THEM UP.

Pure Castile Soap, 20¢ per lb.
Infants Delight, 3 bars, 35¢ per box
La France Rose, 3 bars, 25¢
Vestal Violet, 3 bars, 25¢

We still have a few Toys and Dolls left, which are going at less than cost.

R R Webb
Druggist & Stationer

Prescription Specialist—

—Agent The Oliver Typewriter

Coleman, - Alta

DR. JOHN WESTWOOD

Physician and Surgeon

Office: Miners' Union Hospital, 2nd Street

Hours: 9-10 a.m. 4-5 and 7-8 p.m.

Palmer & Thomson

BARRISTERS, ETC., NOTARIES PUBLIC

Solicitors for the Canadian Bank of Commerce

COLEMAN AND BLAIRMORE

Blairmore every Thursday.

Cabinet Cigar Store



AND

Barber Shop

We have the largest and most up-to-date stock in the Pass of

Tobaccos, Cigars, Pipes

and Fancy Goods for

Smokers, at the very

Lowest Prices

There is no end to the varieties we carry

M. E. GRAHAM, Prop

GUS MALATINKA HANGS HIMSELF

A Slav Throws Away His Life in an Outhouse in Slav Town

The community was startled on Tuesday to hear the report that Gus Malatinka had taken his own life. For some days he had been watched by the members of his family as his actions tended to cause them to grow suspicious. The evidence at the inquest failed to bring out any particular reason why he should so violently snuff out his life but it is believed that his mind had weakened.

On Tuesday he arose to go to work at the mine but in a few moments he changed his mind and went to bed. An hour later he again rose and dressed and went out and asked his son for a shot gun. The son refused and Malatinka stated that when he got one he would make short work of the whole family. He then went to a neighbor and asked for a revolver and was again refused. Failing in this he returned home and sought other means to end his life.

His son by this time had grown suspicious and went in search of his father. In a short time he found him hanging in the woodshed, using a clothes line for a rope. The son immediately cut him down and sent for Drs. Westwood and Talbot who pronounced him dead. His neck was broken.

Coroner Disney immediately engaged a jury consisting of D. J. McIntyre, foreman, A. M. Morrison, W. Pearson, H. A. De La Maier, C. Oullette and A. Peterson. The verdict rendered was for suicide.



T. B. BRANDON
Who is about to assume full control of The Foothills Job Print & News Co.—One of Coleman's enterprising young men.

SURPRISED AT COLEMAN'S GROWTH

A. Longquist, of the Lomquist-Simpson Co., of Spokane, and associated with Sharp & Irvine of that city, paid a visit to Coleman on Monday. "Coleman seems to have grown very since my visit here last," said Mr. Longquist. "The Coleman hotel has been improved, and taking it all the way around, you have the starting of a good little city here. Lethbridge is the city that we are paying attention to at the present time and I can conservatively predict that it will have a population equal to what Calgary now has in but a few years from now. Lethbridge, Alberta, is the most talked of city in our part of the country and judging from the capital going in there I would say that the development and growth of Lethbridge will be phenomenal. For myself I can say that we thought so much of Lethbridge that we recently purchased a subdivision inside the city limits, investing the sum of \$25,000. I am on the way there now and expect to make another investment before I go back to Spokane. Real estate values in Lethbridge are on the jump and this spring things will be very lively. The man that buys now will reap the benefit."

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is not a common, every-day cough medicine. It is a medicinal remedy for all the troublesome and dangerous complications resulting from cold in the head, throat, chest or lungs. Sold by dealers everywhere.

British elections result so far give Liberals 231, Laborites 83, nationalists 74, unionists 255. Nationalists counted the balance of power.

Happenings of Interest In and Around Coleman.

Baby Price is very ill.

Alexander MacLean is confined at Mr. Sadler's.

John Nathan paid Coleman a business visit this week.

Born—On the 23rd inst., to the wife of Edward Eacott, a son.

Mrs. D. J. Hill has been seriously ill the past two weeks but is now improving.

D. J. Hill is contemplating making an extended trip to the old country in the near future.

Lorne Campbell, president of the McGillivray Coal & Coke Co., was in town this week.

The Helping Hand Brotherhood are going to form a literary society which is a splendid step in the right direction.

R. G. Duggan, manager of the Great Western Coal Company, of Taber, Alberta, was a visitor to Coleman this week.

There will be a regular hockey match next week between the regulars. Every Colemanite should be there.

The little daughter of Mr. McKeegan, the town treasurer and accountant of the I.C.C. Co., is recovering after a sharp illness.

On Monday John McLeod was injured in the mine by falling rock whilst taking out old timbers. He broke his collar bone.

The Coleman Miner will be sent next week to every subscriber of the Cowley Chronicle. This will benefit the advertisers of this paper considerably.

John Nathan left on the 26th for Spokane and the Pullman Co. where he intends to take a course in horticulture before returning to Princeton, B. C.

A. H. Carr, inspector for the Hudson Bay and Calgary insurance companies, paid Coleman an official visit this week. H. G. Carr, the local representative, introduced Mr. Carr to the business men of the town.

The new Church of England at Cowley was formally dedicated to religious worship on Wednesday last. His Lordship, Bishop Pinkham conducted the dedication services, the clergy of the district being also present for the occasion.

P. A. Poulson, who was once a mining magnate of Coleman, is in town this week. Mr. Poulson is busy erecting a \$100,000 saw mill at Kluckner, B. C. When this mill is completed it will be the most modern in that section of the country. Every labor saving device that is now known is being installed.

Will trade for coal stock, twenty acres of land on banks of the Columbia near Trail. This land is within ten minutes walk of the refinery and will make a splendid chicken ranch. In excellent for berries or fruit. \$100 per acre, or will trade for any good coal stock. Address Land, care of this office.

MARRIED.—Charles W. Garner, of Michel, International board member for the U.M.W. of A., was married to Miss Hattie Lee Reynolds, of Coleman, at the Baptist manse, Blairmore, by the Rev. James Sargeant.

Dr. Ler Finlay, of Frank, was married to Miss Sylvia Mary Lasco, of Frank. The ceremony was conducted by the Rev. James Sargeant at the manse Blairmore.

(From Lethbridge Daily Herald)
A copy of the souvenir number of the Coleman Miner has been received. It is a handsomely bound and profusely illustrated booklet that deserves much favorable comment. The articles dealing with the history of the town, its past, present and promises for the future are well written. The industries and business places, the educational institutions, churches etc. are described as well. The Coleman Miner is to be congratulated on the production of this handsome number.

The busiest and most useful little thing that ever was made in Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They do the work whenever you require their aid. These tablets change weakness into strength, listlessness into energy, sluggishness into joyousness. They act like a good cure don't realize they have taken a purgative. Sold by dealers everywhere.

How The Spanish River Train Wreck Happened

Sault Ste. Marie, Jan. 27.—Wm. Dundas of Ottawa, mail clerk on the ill-fated train, tells the following story:

"We left Sault Ste. Marie at 15.24 and nothing unusual was noticed until we reached the bridge at Spanish river. When about half a train's length from the bridge I felt the train pulling in a very rugged manner behind and I knew that the train was off the track. For a distance the train pulled on then I felt the air brakes applied. I kept on the train when I felt her pulling up, and directly we were going down on the other side of the bridge I jumped. Immediately the second class car jumped the track it struck an upright of the bridge and telegraphed. The first part remained on the bridge and burned, while the second half leaped into the stream, as did the other two coaches behind it. One half of the broken car took its victims with it. Those in the first half were drowned. Those in the second half were drowned. Directly on jumping from the train I looked about to render some assistance. There were then only two women to be seen. I could not see anyone but the two women on our side of the river. Later we were joined by two men who were engaged in bridge construction and we five worked and did all we could for five hours before assistance reached us."

SLAV TOWN ROAD AGAIN UNDER CONSIDERATION

The Coleman council met in the council chamber on Monday evening, January 26th. All members present. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

After this the plans for the proposed road over the hill to Slav Town were examined. A number of tenders had been received but no action had been taken yet.

H. G. Carr, sanitary inspector, drew the council's attention to the filthy condition of shacks 71 and 76. The council decided to have the shacks come down and requested the inspector to attend to this. As there was no further business the council adjourned.

W. H. De Long, of Lethbridge, was here this week.

Mrs. (Rev.) T. M. Murray is suffering from a severe cold.

W. A. Martin, of Frank, was in town on Thursday and Friday.

The "stock" has visited one of our staff, leaving him with a bouncing big 11-to-bov.

Rev. T. M. Murray's subject for Sunday next is "Buying and Selling the Truth."

A. N. Mowat, sec-treas. of the 41 Meat Market, was in town this week on a job of inspection.

A. I. Farquharson, A. Nutt and C. W. Smith, of Fernie, were in town this week, guests at the Coleman hotel.

The Jeanne Russell Opera Company will play "The Little Minister" at the Coleman opera house, on Saturday (to-morrow) night.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is a very valuable medicine for throat and lung troubles, quickly relieves and cures painful breathing and a dangerously sounding cough which indicates congested lungs. Sold by dealers everywhere.

Northern France is devastated by terrible floods and even the streets of Paris are flooded.

Have you a weak throat? If so, you cannot be too careful. You cannot begin treating too early. Each cold makes you more liable to another and the last is always the hardest to cure. If you will take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy at the onset, you will be saved much trouble. Sold by dealers everywhere.

Lethbridge has secured street delivery of mail which is due chiefly to the influence of the Hon. W. A. Buchanan.

SOLICITED

I am a young man thirty-nine years of age and rather tall and of good build. I own several lots and am worth \$2000.00. I would like to correspond with a young lady of twenty years or more. She must be sensible and a good cook. Address all replies to box 25, Coleman.

A MEETING OF BOARD OF TRADE

The Proposed Road To Slav Town Is Again Delayed.

The Coleman board of trade met in the council chamber on Monday evening, 26th inst. President W. L. Oullette and fourteen others were in attendance. The minutes of last meeting were read and adopted.

Messrs. Manly and Brandon reported progress with the petition in reference to the customs' branch at Coleman. It had been signed by over 70 and copies had been sent to Messrs. Frank Oliver and A. B. Macdonald. Word was received that the petition will receive due consideration.

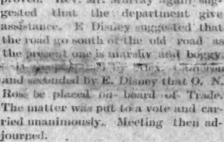
The hospital question was next taken up. Alex. Cameron stated that this matter must be considered and suggested that all work together and make this a general hospital.

W. L. Oullette was glad to welcome the new members and hoped to see them take an interest and attend all meetings. The road to Slav Town was also taken up by Mr. Cameron.

Rev. T. M. Murray asked what about the rates for hauling coal if the Canadian Northern railway came through Coleman. Would the C. P. R. charge more? Rev. Mr. Murray thought the work of building the road to Slav Town should be hastened and thought the government should be called upon for help. E. Disney asked if any improvement was to be made in the road west of Slav Town. H. G. Carr thought that it would be some time before this road was improved. Rev. Mr. Murray again suggested that the department give assistance. E. Disney suggested that the road go south of the old road as the present one is muddy and boggy.

At 10.15 P. M. Alex. Cameron and assisted by E. Disney that O. N. Ross be placed on board of Trade. The matter was put to a vote and carried unanimously. Meeting then adjourned.

T. W. DAVIES' NEW HEARSE.



T. W. DAVIES' NEW HEARSE.

THE HAIKST FIELD 800-A-DAYS

O, weel I min' whin I wis young,
An' hair's time aye can't room,
Th' lads an' lassies blythe an' gay,
Aye hie the best of game,
Wi' hearts as light as any lark
That ever did a slumber morn,
An' sang as sweet when startin' far
Th' shavin' o' th' corn.

There wis nae time for weary then,
Th' days they seem'd nae lang,
An' aye the 'bairns' gude by
Wi' cheery dance an' sang,
An' though they labored till they wad
Aneath th' sun's bright rays,
Th' haikst field then wis cheery,
Than th' haikst field noo-a-days.

There wis nae 'V' th' constant swish
O' th' scythe that cut th' grain,
An' th' way th' lads kept mairk in time
Shin's yet, aye, aye, by name,
An' hieles braw for th' bairns,
Free as th' summer air,
Aye liltin' at some odd haikst aye,
We neither dirlit or care.

Then lassies for th' stocks would hie
Whin dancin' time can't room,
An' scarce would get weel settled
Till some lad cam' clinkin' down,
There monny a lass wis wad an' you,
Th' gude auld times like these.

Aye th' haikst field then wis cheery,
Than th' haikst field noo-a-days.

Then th' haikst field noo-a-days
An' th' lads an' lassies places t'ren
Wi' th' up-to-date machine,
But while I live (O' days gane bye)
I'll sing a sang o' yore.

For th' haikst fields then cheery
Than th' haikst fields noo-a-days.

CHAS. T. HENDERSON

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy never disappoints those who use it for the most stubborn coughs, colds and irritations of the throat and lung diseases. Sold by dealers everywhere.

Contractor and Builder

All kinds of carpenter work done on the shortest notice by first-class workmen. No order too large, none too small.

Having purchased a splendid house, I am now in a position to offer my services for undertaking for very reasonable prices.

T. W. Davies

Coleman, Alberta

J. E. Upton

High-Class Tailoring

Best Men's Furnishing Store in Coleman

E. Disney

Contractor, and Builder

Brick, Lime, Hard Wall Plaster, Coast Flooring, Mouldings, Doors and Windows always on hand.

Lumber of all kinds

Christmas Oh, Christmas!

It is coming near, all who want Christmas presents in endless variety see Alex. Cameron's immense stock. Cut glass, fancy clocks, watches, from the solid cold diamond mount down to any price. Ladies rings, solid gold, from \$2.00 up. Brooches, Rockets, Lockets, Silverware—the largest stock yet. But, oh! The prices are so catching. Old man young.

See the Christmas Cards at

Alex. Cameron's

Watchmaker, Optician

and Issuer of Marriage Licenses

The Elmsbury Ghost

It Appeared In Person to Mr. Ebenezer Pollock

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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"Going once! Going twice! Going three times and sold to Mr. Ebenezer Pollock for \$1,000!"

The auctioneer's hammer fell with a resounding thud and nearly grazed the nose of the purchaser.

"Didn't mean to damage a good customer," chuckled the man of the hammer as he pulled down the red rag above the gate and climbed into his buggy. "Come down to Lawyer Mr. Pollock's office, please. 'Nearer, and well close the deal right and proper."

"Very well," said Ebenezer gruffly.

He watched the crowd of women tipping out of the house and waited until the last one had passed through the gate, each with a furtive glance at the new owner. His grandfather had married because he had bought a good hidden house.

When he was alone in the shadows of the tall oaks he looked up at the house, dark and forbidding in the gloom of rank grass and weeds. Whatever had been its original color, it was now faded to a dingy mustard hue, dotted with the dark growth of heavy ivy and shutters tightly closed.

There were years and years when the shutters had never been closed. Those were the days before old Simon Elmsbury's grandfather had run away with the schoolteacher and had in consequence been disinherited by the old man. Simon had left the house and land and furniture to the Foreign Missionary society, and a year or two after his death, they had put it up at auction, and Ebenezer had bought it at much below its real value.

It was well known that Simon would have opposed his grandfather's marriage to any man. He was selfish enough to wish to keep her at his side to wait upon him, for she was the only relative he had.

"Let us come and live with you, grandfather," Corneila had pleaded with her arms around his neck. "You will like Henry better when you know him." But the sturdy old man had angrily flung her aside, and the next day the girl had been married to Henry Stone and disappeared from the village.

After that Simon Elmsbury closed the main part of the house and lived in the east wing for ten years, and then he died without one relenting word to Corneila. The stones had never been heard from since their departure from Melville. No one knew where they lived or even if they were alive. Old Simon Elmsbury went to the grave unattended by any one.

Since Simon's death gossip had said that the house was haunted. On stormy nights, the credulous said, the old piano tinkled softly behind the closed shutters, and a woman's thin sweet voice was heard singing in low tones. Snatches of this weird music could be heard sometimes in the hush of striking wind or distant rain. On other nights all was still. Some claimed that Corneila was dead and that her sweet spirit came back to sing in the rooms of the old house, where she had spent a happy childhood.

In spite of ghostly rumors, Ebenezer Pollock had suddenly made up his mind to give up boarding in the village hotel and occupy a part of his own. The Elmsbury place suited him. It was near his harness shop, and the east wing was just large enough to serve his simple purposes. As for the main portion of the house, he gave it over to rats and mice and mold.

Now he walked up the path and entered the front door, creaking rustily on its hinges in the south breeze that swept the yard. On the second floor a door banged loudly. Ebenezer started and then, with an exclamation of disgust, entered the house.

A long, dark hall stretched away into black darkness, and to the right and left open doors gave glimpses into darkened rooms faintly illuminated with candles placed there by the auctioneer.

Ebenezer creaked in and out of the rooms filled with decaying furniture, carefully blowing out the candles. Upstairs the candles were flickering strangely, and there was a chill in the large north bedroom as if from an open window, but all the windows were tightly shuttered and barred.

Once outside again, he turned the great brass key in the front door, and with an involuntary sigh of relief, the east wing had a separate entrance and was shut off from the rest of the house by a walled door. A day's work, black Anna would make the wing very habitable for him and his bachelor belongings. Ebenezer didn't want a housekeeper—he detested women.

He had lived in the Elmsbury place for three weeks before he heard the singing ghost. It was the 21st of September, and the equinoctial gale was shaking the old house to its very foundations. Ebenezer had gone to bed, but he could not sleep. The wind screamed down the wide chimney and whistled around the windows. The roar of beating rain drove and rattled the shutters and the wind whistled around the eaves. There were creaking sounds beyond the walls, and Ebenezer felt to thinking of the ghost.

It was then that the wind passed for breath and rain came for light. From a distance came the whistling of an old piano touched by thin

id fingers and a mere thread of melody in a woman's voice; then the rain continued its monotonous beat, and he heard the music no more.

Ebenezer Pollock was angry. He resolved to lay the larding ghost if possible, and so the next night when a watery sun rendered the house a little less dreary he lighted a lantern and descended the door that led into the other side of the house.

The house was quite as dusty and forlorn as on the day he had bought it. Strangely enough, Ebenezer did not look at the little piano which stood open just as Corneila Elmsbury had left it so many years ago, with a yellowed sheet of music upon the stand. He scurried through the rooms with a half realization that some slender spirit was flitting through the rooms away from his contaminating presence. A few weeks afterward there came another storm of wind and rain, and again he heard the ghostly music. Ebenezer had a twinge of the rheumatism that night, and he very irritably rapped on the wall with his cane. The music stopped abruptly, and he did not hear it again, although there were many storms that fall.

The winter evening, when the old house was wrapped in a blinding snow storm, Ebenezer awoke from his first sleep with every muscle aching and drawing with pain. Rheumatism held him in its grasp, and he groaned dimly, conscious that the fire in his tight stove was nearly out at a time when he needed heat. There was no ministering hand to apply hot blankets to his aching joints and muscles, or to allay his torture with soothing liniments.

It was then that the ghost came again—this time with groping fingers upon the sealed door. It knocked gently and spoke to him in faint, frightened whispers.

"Go away!" shouted Ebenezer wrathfully. "I never want to see you! It is proved that you should be loitering around here! Go away, I say!"

There was a silence, and presently Ebenezer's thick, grizzled hair stood almost upright on his head. Ghostly footsteps sounded in the rooms over his head and softly, tap, tap, down the narrow staircase that opened into the lower bedroom.

The lamp beside his bed gave forth a cheering light, and Ebenezer Pollock, thoroughly frightened for the first time in his life, watched with fascinated eyes the slowly opening door at the foot of his couch.

Tall and slender and pale, she stood before him at first, her tender blue eyes filled with pitying tears. Her hair was forty years old, but her hair framing her delicate face made her appear much younger.

"I could not bear to hear you moaning with pain all alone. My husband used to have rheumatism, too, and died, and I know just what to do," she said in a low tone.

"Ma'am!" gasped Ebenezer. "Ma'am!" He watched her as she came, and she flitted to and fro about his rooms. She mended the fire, and soon his cheering warmth brought relief to his aching limbs. She heated water and laid cushions and applied soothing liniments with very human fingers.

When the lines of suffering had relaxed and Ebenezer's face felt soothed, she questioned him as to how he came to be alone in the house, and she said, "My husband—Corneila Elmsbury—that was. I've been living here four years."

"Here—in this house? How?" demanded Ebenezer doubtfully.

"In the little attic," said Corneila, with a little smile. "It looks out on the tall chestnut woods, you know, and the shortest chimney comes out there. Grandfather left the cellar full of coal and wood. I've got it real comfortable up here, and on stormy nights I come down in the dark and play on my piano till you drop me away. I used to walk over to Belton on dark evenings and get all my groceries and things. It was hard work, but it was better to me to get home again after all I went through." She broke into sobs.

"What made you hide? What did you do to folk?" asked Ebenezer excitedly.

"My husband was poor. He died and left a little insurance money—just enough to buy my food and not enough to pay rent. My eyelids are so poor I cannot weep, and I thought I would come back here. I heard the place was shut up, and it was my own by rights. I knew I'd be driven out if any one knew I was here."

"You poor little thing!" burst Ebenezer pityingly. "Stay here just as long as you like." There was a long silence after that, while the little widow cried happily before the fire. Ebenezer was thinking rapidly. "If you ever go away, ma'am," he said, with a great blush. "I'll go after you and bring you back here and—" He paused.

It happened that one day I would descend the Elmsbury house, and Ebenezer kept his word and went after her—and brought her back a bride to his old house.

His Little Joke.

An enterprising Philadelphia restaurant proprietor hung out the following announcement: "You Can't Beat Our 15 Cent Lunch!"

This sign proved to be a good drawing card until a young man of humorous turn of mind came to the restaurant. He saw the sign, and he smiled. He thought it was a joke, and he went to the restaurant and ordered one of those smiles which made one one any good. He waited until none of the employees was watching, and, taking his time, he wrote on the sign the letter "b" from the word "best." The transformation was complete, and it was not until a crowd had collected that the proprietor of the restaurant discovered that there was a lesser crowd outside than inside.

WATSON AND HIS WORK.

Is a Powerful Poet But Does Not Apply Himself Very Much.

The English poet, William Watson, whose recent poem, "The Woman Who Sings the Serenade," has attracted such widespread interest, was for many years regarded as a confirmed bachelor, and he was surprised, however, by recently getting married to a beautiful Irish lady.

He has not, of late, been very productive, and his brother, Mr. Robinson Watson, of Montreal, in conversation with the writer, has more than once regretted what might be called poetic slothfulness. Not only has Mr. Watson the Government pension of \$1,500, but some years ago he came in for a considerable fortune, and his brother in Montreal rather thought that possibly he was yielding too readily to the exactions of society.

While he is known for limited sweetness and candor of the most delicate, and at the same time, a grimness of humor, a power of invective, a searching and dissolving consciousness, possibly unacquainted by any living writer. He seems to have a measureless reserve of life in his scolding remains all the poet.

At the time of the massacre of the Armenian Christians, a few years ago, by the Turks and Kurds, he wrote the sonnets to "Abdul the Damned,"—sonnets which, in their terrible denunciation of the butchery, with its white flame of anger and contempt, and which produced the most prodigious effects, thrilling the general public, and stirring the people into an insatiable indignation against that power which Gladstone desired, many years ago, to throw out of Europe—"bag and baggage."

The sonnets established him in the popular regard; but his "Commonsense" review of the "Commonwealth" on the occasion of the celebration of the founding of that city, seven hundred years ago, was a noble effort—dignified in treatment, stately in its measure, flow, warm with feeling, and which, by the committee appointed to make the selection of the committee being composed of some of the foremost men of letters in the country—was deemed to be greater superior to every other contribution.

Scattered pieces of Mr. Watson's have been book, and the entire collection of his poems is now in the press.

Mr. Watson, for all his fiery pill-popper, is a gentle spirit, as befits the poet, with an intense love for nature in all her moods and expressions, stirring the wine nature into a little for do rol. Possibly his modesty militates against his claims for the Laureateship. He did not seek the award for forty years, but he appreciated his genius, felt that his could be the only congruous appointment. Mr. Watson was a very political and social friend highly placed.

REV. DR. A. A. CAMERON.

Elected Head of the Baptists of Ontario and Quebec.

Rev. Dr. A. A. Cameron of Ottawa, who just recently completed his 94 years as pastor of the First Baptist Church in Ottawa, has been elected head of the Baptist Brotherhood of Ontario and Quebec at the 21st annual convention, which was held at Hamilton, Ont. The new head of the Baptists of Ontario and Quebec is one of the best known clergymen of Ottawa and an active worker in ministerial circles there. He is

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"What made you hide? What did you do to folk?" asked Ebenezer excitedly.

"My husband was poor. He died and left a little insurance money—just enough to buy my food and not enough to pay rent. My eyelids are so poor I cannot weep, and I thought I would come back here. I heard the place was shut up, and it was my own by rights. I knew I'd be driven out if any one knew I was here."

"You poor little thing!" burst Ebenezer pityingly. "Stay here just as long as you like." There was a long silence after that, while the little widow cried happily before the fire. Ebenezer was thinking rapidly. "If you ever go away, ma'am," he said, with a great blush. "I'll go after you and bring you back here and—" He paused.

It happened that one day I would descend the Elmsbury house, and Ebenezer kept his word and went after her—and brought her back a bride to his old house.

His Little Joke.

An enterprising Philadelphia restaurant proprietor hung out the following announcement: "You Can't Beat Our 15 Cent Lunch!"

This sign proved to be a good drawing card until a young man of humorous turn of mind came to the restaurant. He saw the sign, and he smiled. He thought it was a joke, and he went to the restaurant and ordered one of those smiles which made one one any good. He waited until none of the employees was watching, and, taking his time, he wrote on the sign the letter "b" from the word "best." The transformation was complete, and it was not until a crowd had collected that the proprietor of the restaurant discovered that there was a lesser crowd outside than inside.

The Jarndyce Case.

The Jarndyce case, as "Black House" was based on fact. It was, actually, the famous Dyer-Somerset case. A French adventurer in the early part of the century married a legum of Oude, and acquired considerable wealth. I think it was he who built the Martineau at Agers, so famous in the Indian mutiny, and who, after other beautiful buildings of mud and chunam. How his affairs after death his wife and children, and the fact remains that every scrap of his wealth dissolved in the litigation. While it lasted, members of the contest families were for and against descendants are to-day holding commissions in the English army and other reputable positions.

THE EMPEROR'S GOLDEN COAT.

A Vision In a Tomb In Japan and What Came After.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

Copyright, 1928, by American Press Association.

On my second trip to Japan, when I was once more in Kobe, tiding the days among the quaint temples that rear their red walls and tiled roofs among dwarfed cedars and bamboos, I ran across young Wakuru Hiji, who had been my body servant five years before.

"Honorable sir," said Wakuru Hiji, prostrating himself before me, "I would again become one of your emment suit."

"My good Wakuru, you shall compose my entire suit. You shall be chief cook and bottle washer, guide, philosopher and friend. Come along!" I replied.

Whereupon Wakuru arose, delighted, and proceeded to pave the path of my travels with flowers as only a perfect Japanese servant knows how to do.

On the third day I still lingered in the garden that surrounds the temple erected by that emperor of blessed memory who flourished thirteen centuries ago and died to the ripe old age of 141 years.

Wakuru Hiji was at my side, keenly appreciative of the exquisite peace of the temple.

Long alleys of wisteria bloomed led to nothing save perhaps a quaint stone seat. A sea of petunias undulated in the light breeze, and the peculiar fragrance of the strange flowers added another rapture to the day.

After awhile we sat down on a stone seat in a remote corner of the garden, and I fell into dreamy musings. The

Wakuru, you rascal, you've hypnotized me!" I ejaculated angrily. "But I'm blessed if I've thought of the Cinnamon Bear for three years, although Ned did say he was going to have another try out there."

"The Japanese removed the cloak from my shoulders and replaced it within the stone cloak. Five minutes later we were walking toward my hotel."

"I went directly to my sitting room, and while Wakuru laid out my clothes for dinner I opened an accumulation of letters on my desk. Among them a brief cablegram from Ned Moran, my brother-in-law, caught my eye."

Leviathan, Nev. May 18. Cinnamon Bear made good at last. Best streak of gold in state. Come home. NED.

For a man who desired not great riches, but merely a competence, as I had so wisely outlined to Wakuru, I displayed unusual excitement at the news coming so suddenly upon the strange vision I had had while wearing the emperor's golden coat.

I blushed to recollect that I fell upon my complacent manuscript and snatched his august back and thrust into his reluctant hand a fifty dollar note—American money, of course.

When Wakuru withdrew and left me arrayed for dinner I was shimmering with delight. I dined merrily, and I sought divers information regarding outgoing steamer in the near future.

Morning came and no Wakuru. I waited until noon and then sought the hotel manager.

He shrugged his portly shoulders. "My boy told me this morning that Wakuru had embarked for the United States on the steamer that touched at Kobe at 8 o'clock. There's Wakuru's brother-in-law, Ned Moran, the telegraph operator in the office—Matsumoto."

A man—small, sleek and yellow—the prototype of my vanished valet, approached with a bland smile and lifted black brows.

"Wakuru," he murmured remissly. "Ah, him have more generous August patron. My brother, him have been from the American and go immediately to the American. Was all learning and much money in it. So late now, too bad. Wakuru gone. He moved away toward the telegraph office, and I went to my room and looked at the cable message."

It had been received an hour before my departure for the temple the previous day, and there was not the slightest doubt of its authenticity. I received the message and imparted to the faithless Wakuru the news that his employer had fallen into great riches.

As for the emperor's golden coat, I fear its only usefulness had been to cover Wakuru's dead and atavistic and also his very clever powers of hypnotism.

Of course the vision came true.

No Cheap Resorts Near Paris.

It is a remarkable thing, but in the near neighborhood of Paris there are but very few large places where you can go and spend a cheap holiday and take your family. For one thing, milk is always difficult to get in country places. It is all sent to the nearest town or the ground is cultivated. Pasture land is rare in France, and milk is dear. The same thing applies to fruit and vegetables. They all go away to the best of us.

At the foot of these my servant opened another door and then another, presently ushering me into a small, square chamber, lighted only by the paper lantern that Wakuru had produced from nowhere when we entered the building.

In the faint pink light I could distinguish a square stone sarcophagus. That was all, save a low stone seat and a wall.

I watched Wakuru with interest as he approached the coffin and with some marvellous feat of strength pushed

aside the stone slab which served as a cover.

From within he drew something that glistened like gold in the candlelight, such a gleam of glory as even fabric that I stared open mouthed as he approached me.

"What is it?" I demanded.

The Japanese held the garment across my knees with reverent care.

"It is the great coat of him who built this shrine—the golden coat of the greatest emperor. Few may wear it, but whoever does will come to great riches and glory."

"And why do you not put it on, Wakuru?" I said, extending the coat toward him. "Then to you may come great riches and the fulfillment of your desire to study at the American colleges in the west."

For answer he lifted the cloak and threw it about my shoulders.

"It may be worn only once in a century. I sacrifice my opportunity that my honored friend, the great Lewis, may enjoy benefits," said Wakuru meekly.

He stood facing me with his eyes wide open, as if watching for some metamorphosis to take place beneath the emperor's golden coat.

Presently I became aware that the coat was pressing my shoulders heavily and that before me I saw nothing save Wakuru's beady eyes. They changed to two black circles, flying about the shaft and sent whirling down the desolate mining canyon in Nevada.

They passed above the mine in which I had sunk a little fortune in years ago—the Cinnamon Bear mine—and I dimly realized that the mine was no longer deserted. A small town had grown up about it, and as I gazed a car heaped with rich ore was run out of the shaft and sent whirling down an incline to the smelter.

My brother-in-law and partner in my mining enterprise stood in the foreground, and somewhere on a signboard I read, "Leviathan, Nevada."

The vision came so quickly and as so rapidly vanished that it seemed but a second later that I was once more gazing at Wakuru's beady black eyes.

"The Honorable Lewis has seen visions of success," he said quietly, as one who states a fact.

"Wakuru, you rascal, you've hypnotized me!" I ejaculated angrily. "But I'm blessed if I've thought of the Cinnamon Bear for three years, although Ned did say he was going to have another try out there."

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41 Meat Market

Limited

Head Office:

Pincher Creek, Alberta

Markets in—

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BELLEVUE

FRANK

BLAIRMORE

COLEMAN

and MICHEL, British Columbia

Choice Meats

and prompt delivery is our guarantee

Pacific Hotel**Mrs. F. Williams**

Late of Coal Creek and Fernie.

Proprietress

Temporance Hotel

Is the place to stop when in town. Good accommodations for travellers.

Clean, large, well lighted rooms
Table unsurpassed in the West**Hotel Coleman****W. H. Murr**

Proprietor

Rates, \$2.00 per day.

Water Works, Steam Heat

and

Electric Light throughout

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Grand Union Hotel**ADAM PATERSON, Manager**

Liquors imported direct from Europe

and guaranteed

Sparkling Wines
Scotch Whiskey
Brandy
Gin
Ports
Cherry

Special attention to working men

\$1.50 Per Day

COLEMAN MINER

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J. D. S. GARRETT, Manager

T. B. BRANDON, Editor

Coleman, Friday, January 23, 1910

IN SIGHT

Now, that incorporation is just about to be an established fact, the citizens should again take an active part in the affairs of Coleman as this will be the most important step in the history of the town. The many questions which render incorporation necessary should be a matter of common interest. Too much interest was never taken in municipal affairs. Because we have a sane and energetic council should be no excuse for dropping off again into a municipal lethargic sleep.

ASQUITH RETURNED

The elections in the British Isles have resulted in the return of the Asquith government with a reduced majority. The result is gratifying to all believers of democratic government. The result is damaging to the hereditary principle. A man can no more be born a statesman than he can a lawyer.

To some minds the present struggle between the Lords and the commons has been a struggle that has a bloody precedent in the French revolution of 1789. The underlying principle of that struggle was extortion practised by the barons in regard to the land. Examine to-day the underlying principle of the budget and ask why the lords are opposing it. Mainly on the increment tax on the land. A victory for the liberals to-day is a quiet and peaceful victory for the common people who have had in the past to pay for the music that lingers in the retreating walls of the so-called "lords of the land."

DEVELOPMENT

To some men spiritual development is everything in this world, to other men intellectual development is the unsatisfied desire, while to others physical development holds them in such sway that the starved mind becomes inert and benumbed to the aesthetic things of this life. No man should stand before an audience and clamor for one and only one. That all are conducive to living a more perfect and better and useful life is certain. The great Master demands of us our best, and without spiritual, mental and physical development we fail to render the best that is in us. Sermons have been preached alluding to only one development and such sermons must fail in their appeal.

Some have argued that our physical development is the basis for the development of our mental and spiritual faculties, and if so our mental and spiritual faculties must be of great importance in the great hereafter. A spiritual development without the mental must be narrowed and incomplete. And so with the reverse. Simultaneous development should be the text.

EDITORIAL NOTES

The agitation against the cost of higher living has at last reached a tangible outcome that must result in a clean smash at the monopolists who would starve nations into buying food that is a luxury. The latest improvements in

dairy commodities is the substitution of castile soap for dairy butter. Or the latest improvement is a messenger who needs it. For further particulars apply to P. O. Box 2407, Cowley.

Among the more probable happenings that will take place is the erection of a zinc smelter at Frank, or more probably the reconstruction of the unused smelter building there now.

With the G. T. Pacific and Canadian Northern completed, the Hudson Bay railway and Georgian Bay canal under way Canada should have no need to fear the future.

W. J. Bryan and G. G. Meikle editor of the Michel Reporter, may differ in their social moralising opinions but one fact remains that proves conclusively that each have one thing in common and that is they were both born in the 19th century.

The Saturday Post, published at Winnipeg, undertakes to deride the Hon. Winston Churchill. One passage in particular refers to the young statesman as "a ranting insane windbag," which is a good product of the very thing it seeks to calldown.

The editor of our esteemed contemporary should become more conversant with the speeches and their delivery by Mr. Churchill and then form an opinion that is worth giving to the public. In the campaign which is almost closed, Churchill read the major portions of his speeches from manuscript. He proceeded with his budget theories in a cool, logical and argumentative manner. His sphere of action lay in the north of England and Scotland and thenceforth from these northern constituencies were the only encouraging election reports that cheered the liberals. The electors of the north of England and Scotland have never been led away by demagogic speeches, and they are as solid a class of electors that can be found. The Post should take a course of journalistic instruction from the institute of technology which is under the presidency of professor Dewey, who, the other day emphasized the necessity of accurate observation as a basis for accuracy in present day politico-economic development. Students to-day do not receive sufficient training in the art of observation.

HOCKEY

A fast game of hockey was played on the rink on Tuesday night between the office staff of the International Coal & Coke Co. and the boys of the Coleman hotel. The play was even throughout and some splendid work was done. The score at the end stood 4-2 in favor of the Coleman hotel. Another game will be played between the same teams next Tuesday.

Following are the players:
Coleman Hotel. I. C. & C. Co.
D. Graves goal T. Lague
W. U. Green point B. J. Nicklin
D. J. McIntyre point J. Williams
C. Higgins rover Morgan
J. D. Hall centre W. Davidson
R. B. Leard r wing E. C. Crawford
B. Ferguson l wing D. McCauley
B. C. McWha, referee.



MR. NORVAL MACGREGOR
The Great Scotch Actor.

Who appears with the Jeanne Russell Co. at the Coleman Opera House to-morrow night.

Stocktaking near---stirs up wonderful values**A Clean-up Sale !****Sale of Men's Clothing**

25 Men's Tweed Suits—good patterns, excellent quality, All workmanship. When we tell you these are 20th century goods, you will wonder why we offer them at the price. Well, the reason is that fancy worsteds are now in the lead, and tweeds are being neglected; but when you have an opportunity of buying such Suits as these, worth \$15.00 to \$18.00 each, for

\$8.00

we think you will be anxious to secure one. Come early, while you have a good range to choose from.

Boys Suits.

Tweed Suits, sizes 28 to 34, worth from \$5.50 to \$8.50, now clearing at

only \$4.50 each**Ladies' Tweed Coats**

Just think of buying a Ladies Coat; worth from \$10.00 to \$15.00, for

\$5.00

Only 8 in stock. Come early.

Furs ! Furs !

We have sold all our expensive Furs, Fur Coats and Fur lined garments, and there remains a few very desirable neck pieces, which are being sold at

\$2.50, \$3.50 and up to \$10.00*Men's Shirts.**

A clear up in odd lines—a variety of patterns and colors, some with collar attached. Soft fronts, the oddments of the season's selling, sizes 14½, 16, 16½, 17 and 17½. Price to clear

only 75c. each.**Men's Caps.**

5 dozen Men's Cloth Caps, with Fur Bands. Worth from \$1.00 to \$1.50, clearing at

only 75c. each**Ladies' Golf Jackets**

Cardinal, Navy, White. Worth \$2.50. Clearing at

only \$1.50 each**Linoleums**

About a dozen ends of Linoleum, from 2 yards to 6 yards each, 2 yards wide. If you can use one of these you will save money.

A Sale of Ladies' Fine Shoes

We find an overstock of small sizes and will clear 43 pairs Fine Shoes, worth from \$2.50 to \$4.00 a pair, for only \$1.50 a pair

—Please bear in mind—
—the sizes are 2½ to 4—

Ladies' and Children's Underwear at clearing prices**New Arrivals :**

Ladies' Lawn Waists,	Ginghams
" Colored "	Art Sateens
Tapestry Curtains	Ducks

W. L. Ouimette

Canadian Coal Consolidated Co., Limited

Miners and Shippers of Bituminous Coal. Three grades Screened, Mine Run and Slack
Frank, Alberta

Western Canada's Greatest Favorite
MISS JEANNE RUSSELL

and the
Jeanne Russell Co.

COLEMAN OPERA HOUSE

Saturday, January 29

MATINEE AND NIGHT

Will present J. M. Barrie's greatest Scotch creation

"The Little Minister"

Special Scenery and High Class Specialties

Special Musical Programme by
THE JEANNE RUSSELL ORCHESTRA

Prices \$1.00, 75c and 50c



MISS JEANNE RUSSELL

In "The Little Minister" at the opera house tomorrow night

COLEMAN CARTAGE CO.
 and General Contractor

Estimates given on all classes of
 work, excavation, cement or
 Stone work
 Sole agents for the McGillivray
 Creek Coal & Coke Company
 Local Coal.

O. N. ROSS

Office in the Coleman Hotel

A Golden Opportunity at CARBONDALE

Secure a lot and build a home for
 yourself. Lots are \$100 and
 upwards. Finest townsite in
 the West.

COAL! COAL!! COAL!!!

The McGillivray Creek Coal &
 Coke Company, Limited are al-
 ready filling large orders for
 coal. Send or leave your or-
 der at their office Coleman, Alta.

McGillivray Creek Coal & Coke Co.
Limited

Coleman

Alberta

T. W. Hills

Plasterer

Work neatly executed
 Write to - Blaimore Alberta

Advertise in this Paper

Where you Get Results!!

Save Money

Buy Here and

If you want to get a bar-
 gain call in and interview
 our new stock. You get
 a hundred cents worth for
 every dollar when spent
 with

J. A. Rudd
 Hillcrest - Alberta

Coleman Realty Co.

Coleman - Alberta

Land. Land.

For Sale in B. C.

Farm Lands. Fruit Lands. Grazing Lands

In tracts from 1 acre up to 100,000 acres.

Prices from \$1.00 per acre up.

Call and see us regarding this Big Sale.

Post Office Building, Main St.

Telephone 106

Calls up the

West End Livery

Where you get the best turnout in the town

Double and Single Drivers and easy gaited Saddle Horses

Wood always on hand

Pack Horses and Competent guides furnished to Parties desirous of
 taking Hunting and Fishing Trips.

Contract and Heavy Team Work a Speciality

We are here to please the people and all we ask is a
 trial, no matter how small—"No order
 too big, none too small."

J. B. Miller

Town Lots

Houses and Lots for Sale

in the cleanest and best town in

The Crow's Nest Pass

High Grade Steam and coking coal

We manufacture **The Finest Coke** on the continent

Correspondence solicited at the
 Head office, Coleman

International Coal & Coke Co.
 Limited

A Few of our Souvenirs
 remain, 25c. each.



LITTLE HOTEL

The "Lion and the mouse" which was played last Friday night by the Summers Stock Company, was well put on and brought forth much applause from the audience. Miss Stevenson, the leading lady, proved a strong character and won the sympathy of all. The next appearance will be greeted by a larger audience still.

**AT THE OPERA HOUSE,
 SATURDAY, JANUARY 29.**

Miss Jeanne Russell and the greatly augmented Jeanne Russell Co. offer "The Little Minister", J. M. Barrie's greatest Scotch creation—the leader of the best in Scottish comedy dramas.

The Jeanne Russell Co. now carry sixteen artists and present only the latest, eastern repertoire successes, also elaborate scenery for which they are already famous, and are conceded to be the most thoroughly equipped company and second to none of any company playing throughout the Dominion.

The offering here "The Little Minister" is one of the best attractions offered by the Russell company and presents an opportunity of seeing practically the entire company at their best. The scenes all being laid in Scotland will present an elaborate stage setting, the best ever seen on the local stage and the most stupendous production ever offered here.

A special musical program of Auld Scotch airs, etc., has been arranged by the Jeanne Russell Peerless Orchestra and the specialties to be offered are the best and most amusing. Also dancing and operatic songs.

The grand chorus by the entire company is an attractive feature and will no doubt be well received.

Come awn' doon, and ye'll hae a gey guid night wi' the auld Scotch play; the auld Scotch songs, and the guid auld Scottish tongue.

Some Smart and Practical Phases in New Coats

ALMOST the first garment to be considered with autumn wear is a topcoat of some kind, for with this covering many a summer gown may be worn until actually chilly weather.

Those who, provided with the handsomest coats of cloth or silk or satin, which have so elegantly covered this frock and been such distinctive features of the past season, will continue to wear them up to the last moment, with the addition of loose sleeves of a contrasting material, set in under the ornamental armholes. Some coats doctored in this way showed sleeves of silk with cloth and others of a heavy lined lace with silk. In every case the two materials were effective together and the reconstructed garment suggested still more good service to come.

One dressmaker's idea was to make the sleeves detachable. To all intents and purposes, they were sewed in the garment, but in reality they were held on with safety pins, a bias piece extending beyond the armhole gathering for this purpose. First machine puts on the sleeves, fastening them at the shoulder and under the arm with a pin. After that, on good the coat, whose shoulder portions, however, must be longer than is common, to hide evidence of the make-doers. The sleeves, in every instance, were close at the top and fell in a becoming bell over the hand.

The first new coats to appear with the coming season are generally of a practical nature, such hip length garments as would be used for walking, or the long lengths which suggest rain and wind. Every wool coat material hitherto seen is repeated in these models now in every shop, and not uncommonly the upper garment of a tailor gown will follow the exact lines of the old coat.

Browns and greys, of course, predominate, as always, for old coats, as these colors suit themselves to any gown. But numerous novelties in mixed materials are also worn, these admitting of drapery and velvet trimmings, which the plain cloth or cravat coats in the best taste rarely show.

The sleeve of the new coat is, unfortunately, too close to admit of entire comfort except with the tightest undergarment, but the manliness feeling of most of the neck gives plenty of ease there. The shawl collar in single piece, of velvet, satin or silk, is a favorite neck finish for a number of coats both for misses and women.

The models here illustrated demonstrate some very smart phases in practical autumn coats, the designs suggesting good styles for ready-made buying or home-making.

Figure A—Here is an excellent coat for traveling on land or sea, and one suitable as well for dry weather shopping or other practical purposes. The material is a diagonal storm serge, a stuff which is very swaggy in a dark green, smoke gray or warm brown. The pockets, which are set oddly under a scalloping made in the coat itself, are a novel and capacious feature. Scarcely anything is more attractive in a coat than a pocket big enough to hold the small necessities that go with an outdoor setup.

Such a coat would be preferable ready-made, unless a home sewer feels herself entirely capable of getting the good hang required, and knows all the other ins and outs of coat-making. The expert sewer

will find the model easy enough to accomplish, and only four yards of double width goods would be required for the medium figure.

Figure B—Another coat of a very useful quality is given with this loose model. The design fills every need for automobile or traveling, but the very simplicity of it makes it perfectly suitable also for hard walking service. Cloth, cravatette, diagonal serge, mixed cheviot, are all correct materials. The buttons should be of bone in a matched set of three, and though a piping of a contrasting material could be used at the front and on pockets and cuffs, a single material and handsewn stitching would make a more distinctive garment.

For the medium figure 5½ yards of material 27 inches wide would be required.

Figure C—This model, with perfect suitability could be used for the top garment of a girl's practical tailor frock. Navy blue, diagonal serge, or brown in any of the autumn shades seen, would be smart and useful choices in color, with the collar and buttons of velvet. Such belted Norfolk styles will be much approved for misses' wear, for many an unfashionable young figure needs just this kind of a coat to give her a more distinctive and less loose effect. Topped by a hat somewhat dressier in effect, and with neat boots and gloves, a Norfolk coat may also form a girl's best street frock, for it is an error to suppose that the school nurse requires the fix effects of her elders.

For a girl of stature, 5½ yards of serge 44 inches wide would be required for this model.

Figure D—This dapper little garment, whose very plainness is its chief charm, depicts the smartest top coat of the season for women. A soft shade of brown, covert or that with a greenish tinge—a pure tan would be too light for Autumn use—is the preferred material, and if the coat is lined with farmer's satin, or a stout quality of twilled silk, it will do service far into the winter. The lining is a very important point in the smartness of a coat, and the best effects always are obtained by having the doubling match the outside color as nearly as possible.

However, a coat in plain cream cloth may be lined and trimmed with black satin, for Paris models set the stamp of fashion on such things of fancy. But other French coats will show the garment and lining in one color, though a flowered figure in the lining may deepen the tone.

With the wider widths of covert cloth, only 5½ yards would be required by the medium figure for this trim walking coat.



FIG. C—SMART AND USEFUL COAT.

FIG. D—A SIMPLE DOUBLE-BREASTED COAT.

Mary Dean

Conduct for Mistress and Maid in the One-Servant Home

THE difficulty of keeping domestic help, if no other reason, should make the one-servant home most solicitous of the welfare of its solitary maid. But servants should, but it takes two to make an utter failure, and I am inclined to think, judging from close observation of many methods, that a number of the cases of dissatisfaction with domestic help may be laid at the mistress's own door.

The general housekeeper, like every other servant, has only one pair of hands, and always less training than the maid who follows a special line of domestic work. Knowing all this, good housekeepers never expect too much of the single servant, and they do their own efforts to help in keeping the home in perfect working order. These ladies do all the THINKING for the establishment, and so keep the responsibility on their own shoulders. They attend to the buying of all household necessities themselves and plan every meal. They wash the finer glass and crockery and silver with their own hands, after the manner of the ladies of old, and help with the dusting and airing of chambers on laundry days. They know more of cooking than any maid who enters their service, and so are able to train "the help" in ways of economy as well as of excellent eating. In fact, a good servant is generally assured if there is a good mistress to begin with, for the housekeeper who is herself properly trained may with time and patience turn the vagrant greenhorn into a pearl of servants.

To many minds the nationality of the girl has a good deal to do with satisfactory results. To others the quality which breathes from the stranger herself with the first interview is everything. One lovely old Southern lady's method of reading the character of a new maid was to look straight into her eyes during the preliminary talk at the intelligence office. If the girl looked back frankly, sweetly, sympathetically—with that gentle, half smile which says, "I know I am going to love you"—she lived her on the spot. The device is certainly worth trying.

There is a standard for prices and privileges. The general housekeeper of any experience demands from eighteen to twenty-five dollars a month, and in most localities it is an unwritten law that she will have every Thursday afternoon and alternate Sunday evening to herself. But in the matter of outtings it is a great deal better to err on the safe side and grant too many than too few, for the heart gladdened by a little cheer from hard work is apt to keep some of its smiles

the next day. The respectable young man who calls once a week with serious intent must also have the privilege of the kitchen for his courtesies. On Christmas some one of the girl's relatives or friends should be allowed to dine with her if she wishes it, and if she is a Catholic in belief and wants to go to high mass occasionally, the comfort should be allowed her.

The mistress must remember, in fact, in all her behavior toward her servant that the latter is not bound to stay; and if she goes about things rightly she can soon make her helper see that she has the maid's interest as well as her own at heart. And this, too, without making the maid feel that the mistress is trying to regulate—but in on her own personal affairs.

System is indispensable for the proper running of the one-servant home. Every day must have its special duties, and in no wise is it prudent for the mistress to make a habit of changing the day's work or interrupting the maid with demands for other and quite unexpected service.

The general housekeeper must rise very early Monday morning and do some part of the laundry before breakfast, or at least put the clothes to soak. She then gets a simpler breakfast, than she has the maid's interest as well as her own at heart. And this, too, without making the maid feel that the mistress is trying to regulate—but in on her own personal affairs.

The eternally lost coat that the maid of all work presents so often on wash day, and sometimes, alas! at the front door, is inexcusable, and the offense may be traced directly to the mistress neglecting to provide the details so necessary for a neat and fitting appearance. Such items as white afternoon aprons, cape for the mauls whose hands stand for hours, hand collars and cuffs are usually supplied by the mistress, and they save her some property when the maid takes it into her head to seek pastures new. As in the matter of "wearing the cap, since American-born maids object to it on the score of the degradation it implies, the matter must be discussed and settled before the girl is engaged.

The girl having finished waiting at the breakfast table, she removes the greasy dishes and leaves the table to the lady or ladies of the house, who clear them up promptly with a bowl of hot water that the girl leaves on the table or in the pantry.

After that the mistress sweeps up whatever crumbs may have fallen at the table, cleans the dining room and parlor and also

both rooms. She also concerns herself with the bedrooms, if the wash is a serious matter, calling some other member of the family to help her turn the mattress, or leaving this most precaution unconsidered for the one busy day.

Tuesday is the universal ironing day, and in time of emergency the maid must often be assisted by her mistress. Therefore, clear starching and the most rewarding methods of ironing fine garments should be part of every housekeeper's education, just as is the knowledge of how the maid should do the things.

Tuesday night the maid mixes her bread. Wednesday she bakes it, and perhaps makes a dessert or cake more than usual. Thursday morning, besides other duties, she gets every dish to be eaten at dinner ready before taking her afternoon off—frequently comes back to cook the dinner. Friday she sweeps and perhaps washes windows, and if she lives in a godly household she gets ready on Saturday for church.

This system of routine may be varied, of course, but the best work is obtained by having a definite day for a definite thing, for all capricious in the manner of running the domestic end of the home only brings disorder.

The rights of the mistress, though no more important than those of the maid, are equally so. She is entitled to a respectful manner always, no matter what the servant may think. She must have "Yes, ma'am" and "No, ma'am," with the reception of all duties. She is justified in holding Mary responsible for a too lavish breakage of the crockery. She must exact a neat, well-groomed appearance of head and head, as well as the white cap and apron and trim black dress for table and door attendance.

But since it is antagonistic to the nobility of us to have our manners "tainted" under observation and polish, the mistress must go about the maid's education in the gentlest way. She must let her feel—though reproofs are daily, and the harrowing whistles come sometimes that Mary will go as soon as her training is over—that the situation is one for the good of the commonwealth. She must say, in fact if not in word, "Mary, you are one of us now, and we want you to love us as we do you."

Even with the stroke of justice Mary's feelings must be considered—the back account of the poor heart which, after all, gives the best of its service to others.

Pudence Handall

Fruit Puddings and Dumplings

COLETT puddings and dumplings call for plenty of boiling water, which should be kept at a quick boil. A fruit pudding in which there is much loose sugar is tied loosely to allow for swelling. If better is used, the tying needs to be firm.

A frequent fault with boiled puddings or puddings is that they are too hard, which means that they are underdone, that the cover of the vessel has been taken off during the boiling or not enough baking powder has been used. A "boiled" pudding may be steamed—that is, cooked in a covered boiler and when done they are used must first be dipped in water and then dredged with flour. The time for boiling must be according to size and solidity. A small pudding will need about two hours to boil.

Mixed Fruit Pudding—Soak one cup-

ful of bread crumbs in one cupful of hot milk; add one cupful of butter, one of sugar, one tablespoonful of spice. Beat in three eggs and then add two cupsful of flour—apples, peaches and pears or other fruits. Turn into a buttered pudding mold and steam for two hours. Serve piping hot with a hard sauce made of sweet butter and sugar, blended well together and seasoned with the juice and grated rind of half a lemon.

Peach Cobbler—Prepare plain pastry from three parts of flour and three-fourths of a pound of butter, and roll out. Line the baking dish with this, and pour in two quarts of freshly stewed peaches, covering the dish with a pastry lid. Bake until brown and then cover thickly with powdered sugar, and serve steaming hot with rich cream.

Blackberry Slump—Take one quart of flour and two tablespoonfuls of baking powder and sift together two or three

times. Stir in two eggs and add enough milk to make a stiff batter. Have ready two quarts of well-picked blackberries. Stir these with a cup and a half of sugar and two cups of water, and when done drop in the dumplings with the spoon, and be sure to leave the lid on the stew kettle the whole time they are in. Boil twenty minutes and serve with cream or sifted sugar and a slight spread of butter.

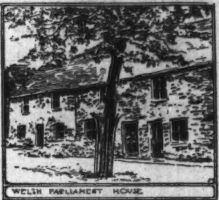
Greenberry Dumpling—Line a plain round dish with a good stout crust. Clean the goodness off the tops and stalks and put in as many as will fill only the center of the round of dough, sprinkling powdered sugar thickly over the fruit. Then gather up the edges of the dough and tuck them around securely, tying the dumpling dish over the ball quite snugly. Fill with boiling water and boil for two or three hours according to the size of the dumpling. Serve with hard sugar and butter sauce.

WALES' PARLIAMENT

OLD GOVERNMENT BUILDING IS STILL STANDING.

The Place Where Owen Glendower Was Solemnly Declared Prince by the National Welsh Assembly in 1402 Was Until Recently a Stable —M.P. Will Turn Old Building Into a Memorial.

The history of Wales is inseparably bound up with that of England, yet she has a record of her own of which every Welshman is justly proud. The independent monarchs of Wales, as far as anything like trustworthy records go, began with Cadwallawn, in 530, and ended with Llewelyn ap Griffith, who reduced Hawarden Castle, and who was slain after the battle of Aber Eder, Dec. 11, 1283. The last of the line of English Princes of Wales, in the person of Edward Plantagenet (afterwards King Edward II.), it is stated that immediately after his birth at Carnarvon Castle, April 25, 1284, the child was presented by his warlike father to the defeated Welsh chieftains, the



Welsh Parliament House.

King exclaiming, "Eich Dyn," meaning "This is your countryman and prince."

The Celtic spirit of independence, however, was not subdued, and in 1400 commenced the great rebellion led by Owen Glendower, a descendant of the last Llewelyn. Harlech, Radnor, and other places capitulated to Owen, who, having secured allies from Scotland and the Northumbrian Percy, prepared for his grand attack upon Carnarvon Castle. From thence Glendower marched to Machynlleth, a town which occupies the site of the Roman station, Maglona. And here it was that in the year 1402, in a long, low building, with a wide-arched porch, the National Welsh Assembly, or Parliament, as it called itself, met, declared the country independent, and crowned Glendower Prince of Wales.

It is this same building, until recently a stable, which forms the subject of our sketch. Mr. D. Davies, M.P., with patriotic fervor, has undertaken the restoration of this place, and the transformation of it into a public memorial. This, the only semblance of a Parliament House that Wales ever possessed in front of the royal side of a lake, and only retaining line with those stories, yet interesting, days when Welshmen held their first and last "Parliament," is well worthy of the happier fate now in store for it.

Foretold in a Dream.

Mrs. McAlpine has a strange experience in April, 1892, while waiting for a train at Castle Blaney, in Scotland. She wandered out of the station the side of a lake, and sat down on a rock to rest. "My attention," said Mrs. McAlpine in describing the event, "was quite taken up by the extraordinary beauty of the scene before me. There was not a sound or movement except the soft ripple of the water on the sand at my feet. Presently I felt a cold chill creeping over me and a curious stiffness of my limbs, as if I could not move. I felt as though I were frightened, yet chained to the spot, and as if impelled to stare at the water straight in front of me. Gradually a black cloud seemed to rise, and in the midst of it I saw a tall man in a suit of tweed jump into the water. A few days afterwards a bank clerk committed suicide at the very spot, as seen by Mrs. McAlpine. Journal of the Society for Psychical Research.

A Regimental Journal.

Undoubtedly unique in the ranks of all regimental journals is the "Nelson Lyre," which is run by the runners at Fort Nelson, Eng., and sold at the price of a halfpenny. This is a record, since more military editors would regard anything less than threepence as decidedly undignified. But the "Nelson Lyre" appears weekly instead of monthly. It is entirely in the handwriting of the editor, who also does the illustrations, and is "written" by the runners, and concludes with the usual plaintive request for suitable contributions, to be submitted "for consideration at the office bar."

"Editing whilst campaigning" does not yet figure in the curriculum of the school of journalism, but military editors will make heroic efforts to produce their journals regularly whilst at the front. Several journals were run by the field during the late South African war, and years ago the "Thin Red Line"—the journal of the Argyl and Sutherland Highlanders—was regularly produced under the management of a sergeant during the seven months that the regiment was fighting in the Indian frontier campaign of 1897-98. In an enemy's country, and at a distance of from 300 to 400 miles from the nearest



FIG. A—AN EXCELLENT COAT FOR TRAVELING.

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W. EVANS

Wholesale Liquor Dealer

"THE GREAT DIVIDE"

This is a play that deals with life in Arizona in the earlier days. The Jordan family have a plot on a cactus bluff. So they secure a tract of land in Arizona and Ruth Jordan and her brother, Philip, go out to work and everything is progressing favorably. Philip's wife comes out from the east and is accompanied by Winthrop Newberry, a young doctor who is in love with Ruth. The first act opens in the house on the ranch with all these people on the scene, and happy William's wife, Polly, just preparing to leave and it has been arranged that Phil is to go to the station with her and on his return bring back some stores that are needed. Newberry has a hurry up call to attend a cow puncher who has broken his leg. This leaves Ruth alone in the house. Shortly after this Stephen Ghent, Pedro and Dutch, three desperadoes, appear on the scene drunk, and here starts one of the most dramatic scenes on record. Stronger than the girl of the Golden West, Dutch and Pedro commence to shake dice for her and in order to save herself from them she asks Stephen to save her and that she will be all she is and can be under the law to him. He buys off Pedro with a chain of nuggets, but Dutch is harder to buy, so they agree to fight for her, the best one to get her. Of course Stephen succeeds in wounding Dutch, but is shot in the arm himself. Ruth and Steve leave the end of the first act.

The last act is in Boston. Ruth has become a mother. Her husband arrives and pleads with her for another chance. The play abounds in dramatic situations and if full of human tale and feeling.

Miss Belle Stevenson as Ruth Jordan gives a splendid performance as her personality and temperament are especially suited to the demands of this part. Miss Stevenson is an actress of long experience but she confesses that this one of the best parts that she has ever handled.

The above play will be presented by the Summers Stock Co. at the Coleman Opera House on Thursday, Feb. 3d, when they will open a three night's engagement. Change of play and vaudeville nightly. Prices \$1.00 and 70c at Webb's drug store.

For a wife, take the daughter of a good mother.

Leave your homes with loving words, they may be your last.

Summit Lodge, No. 36
A. F. & A. M., G. R. A.
meets first Thursday in each month at 8 p.m. in the Masonic hall. All visiting brethren made welcome.
J. A. RIDE, W. M.
A. M. MORRISON, Sec.

Coleman Lodge, No. 38, meets every Monday at 8 p.m. Visiting brethren welcome.
THOMAS HAINES, N.G.
W. B. BROWN, Sec.

Knights of Pythias, Castle Hall, Sentinel Lodge No. 25
Meets every alternate Saturday in I. O. O. F. hall. Visitors welcome.
C. C. THOMAS HAINES
R. of R. S. W. T. OSWIN

Daughters of Rebekah Victoria Lodge No. 7
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